

AMERICAN
JUNIOR RED CROSS
NEWS



J. Wilwerding

April 1942



How Tulips Came to Holland

DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

Decoration by Marie Lawson

In fifteen fifty-nine it was. A sailor had a root
He vowed would grow the fairest blossom ever brought to fruit:
"From Persia to Constantinople came this bulb I hold,
Which I will never sell unless I have its weight in gold."

A Dutchman weighed the bulb in hand. "I'll pay your price," said he,
"And plant your wonder in my land, below a threatening sea;
And presently the Lowlands all will come to buy of me."

He spoke the truth, for so it proved—he had not bought so dear!
Not long it was till gardeners, from distant towns and near,
Were begging roots at any price. He gave them what they sought,
But sparingly, and heaped his wealth from that one bulb he bought.

And soon, between the calm canals, exactly as he said,
A million stately tulips lifted each a glowing head,
And all of Holland's gardens flamed, in yellow and in red.



A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The April News in the School

The Classroom Index

Citizenship:

"Gymkhana Medal," "Smoke Jumper for Uncle Sam," "War on Waste," "McAdam, the Name that Covers the Earth," "News Parade"

English:

"How Tulips Came to Holland," "A Poem Page," "Canada to Chile"

Nature Study:

"Rabbits" (front cover), "How Tulips Came to Holland," "South American Zoo," "A Poem Page"

Geography:

Argentina, Canada, and Chile—"Canada to Chile" *Holland*—"How Tulips Came to Holland"

Latin America—"Lupe and the Goddesses," "School of the Air of the Americas" (editorials), "South American Zoo," "Canada to Chile," "Guess What?"

Mexico—"Lupe and the Goddesses"

Scotland—"McAdam, the Name that Covers the Earth"

Switzerland—"The Old, Old Cow"

United States—"Gymkhana Medal," "Smoke Jumper for Uncle Sam," "War on Waste," "McAdam, the Name that Covers the Earth," "News Parade"

Primary Grades:

"Rabbits," "The Old, Old Cow," "A Poem Page," and, to listen to if not to read for oneself, "Lupe and the Goddesses," "South American Zoo"

Units:

Animals and Pets—"Rabbits," "Gymkhana Medal," "South American Zoo," "The Old, Old Cow"

Communication and Transportation—"Smoke Jumper for Uncle Sam," "Lupe and the Goddesses," "McAdam, the Name that Covers the Earth"

Conservation of Property—"Gymkhana Medal," "Smoke Jumper for Uncle Sam," "War on Waste," "McAdam, the Name that Covers the Earth"

Forestry, Trees—"Gymkhana Medal," "Smoke Jumper for Uncle Sam"

Pan American Day—"School of the Air of the Americas," "Good Neighbors," "Lupe and the Goddesses," "News Parade," "Canada to Chile," "Guess What?"

Sports and Sportsmanship—"Gymkhana Medal"

The April Calendar

Most of the activities for the month are quoted below.

Serving the School:

Talk over important ways in which free public schools have helped increase physical and mental fitness of all citizens.

For example—ability to read newspapers, understanding and obeying the laws we make, respecting the rights of others, faith in one another, preventing and overcoming handicaps

Take Accident Prevention and Public Health as a theme for opening exercises this month. Bring newspaper clippings that show health and accident hazards in your community. Talk over causes of the health

problems illustrated. Discuss practical ways that you can help.

Decide on a spring project to make your school environment more attractive and healthful to all.

A LABORATORY PROBLEM—Inspect your school outside and inside to find things you can improve.

For example—street and road crossings, walks or paths, play space, drinking water, light, ventilation, seating, classroom decorations, First Aid equipment, lunchroom equipment, washroom facilities, supply cupboards and cabinets

Serving the Community:

Have a County Junior Red Cross Rally. Make a chart to exhibit, showing how many classes have helped you this year in serving your school, community, nation, and children abroad. Prepare reports on health and accident prevention activities of your schools.

Report on neighborhood and school health problems you have discovered and your plans to help solve them. Discuss ways that citizens guard one another against poor health and accidents.

For example—ridding the community of rats, observing traffic rules

Vote on one all-county Junior Red Cross service activity for 1942-43. Write your Red Cross Headquarters about your plans.

Demonstrate your favorite games to one another. Send snapshots of your games to your Red Cross Headquarters. Make a list of spring gifts for groups you serve and the school classes in which you can make the gifts.

For example—flower boxes with plants, or kitchen herb boxes, in Manual Arts and Nature Study; bright cushions for old people's homes, in Home Arts; for hospitals, riddle books on birds or trees, called "Quiz the Doctor" or "Catch a Nurse," in Nature Study and English

Other Ideas for gifts—door stops, wooden rabbits and squirrels for the lawn, a marble bag to which everyone will contribute one bright marble

Find out whether your Red Cross Chapter is planning a Water Safety program for the spring and summer. Ask about classes for children.

YOUNG MEMBERS, TAKE A TEA PARTY TO AN OLD PEOPLE'S HOME. EARN MONEY FOR THE REFRESHMENTS. WHAT WILL THEY COST? BAKE THE COOKIES YOURSELFES.

Serving Children Abroad:

At your County Rally, have a report on how you have remembered children abroad this year, through the National Children's Fund. Tell how you have earned contributions to the Fund and what school classes helped you. Show samples of garments and pocket toys made for War Relief. Exchange suggestions for ways to use remnants of cloth in sewing.

Serving the Nation:

Help understanding among American nations to grow, by sending answers to all messages or albums received from them.

(Continued on page four)

Developing Calendar Activities for April

"Free Public Schools"

THE quotation under the picture on the April *Calendar* page is from Horace Mann's speech at the dedication of the Bridgewater State Normal School: "Coiled up within this institution as in a spring is that which could wheel the spheres." The school pictured might be any modern consolidated school, particularly of the West or Southwest.

The first paragraph under "Serving the School" is directly related to the quotation.

Class conversation may bring out the fact that "ability to read newspapers" should include ability to weigh the news, to recognize whether headlines fairly represent the stories under them or whether they might lead a careless reader to false conclusions, and ability to detect harmful propaganda.

"Understanding and obeying the laws we make" implies responsibility of citizens in a democracy to make wise laws, to repeal laws that prove unwise, to obey laws that have been approved by a majority of the citizens. Does the schoolroom, like our government, provide machinery for actual practice in citizenship? If so, are pupils meeting their responsibility, and forming habits of cooperation with one another and with those in authority, rather than the habit of indifference or obstruction?

"Respecting rights of others" emphasizes that the "Bill of Rights" not only protects our personal interests against external tyranny, but likewise protects the just interests of our fellows against our own selfishness. As citizens now in the school and community, are Junior Red Cross members living up to this responsibility of democracy? In the present emergency, the rights of all may be interpreted as primarily the right to be defended against our national enemies. The responsibility of each of us is to cooperate with all who work for defense: through the War on Waste, through reducing accidents due to heedlessness through intelligent and cheerful observance of all instructions that have to do with Civil Defense, through preparing ourselves in skills like First Aid and Home Nursing that will relieve others.

"Faith in one another" is synonymous with "confidence in one's associates" listed by the Educational Policies Commission as one of the four elements of Morale. (See the February *Guide for Teachers*.) Such faith in fellow citizens, essential to democratic living, is implicit in Red Cross work—a two-fold faith: first, that men are worth saving and healing; second, that all can help in the work of saving and healing.

"Preventing and overcoming handicaps" is at the heart of the Red Cross program. Various service activities have given Junior Red Cross members better understanding of the way that free public education equalizes opportunities for the handicapped.

"All Care of Each Other's Good"

The quotation that has been the "golden thread" for our Junior Red Cross program this year has proved an inspired one for the hard period into which our Republic has entered, because it was inspired by the hardships met courageously in the beginning. Referring again to the chronicle from which the quotation was selected, a modern editor of William Bradford's *History of the Plymouth Settlement* said:

"If we of today, whether American or British, fail to appreciate the almost unearthly value of Bradford's History,

it is because we are still too close to the opening of that era of modern civilization—yet in its early stages of development—with which it is concerned."

From Harold Page's edition of Bradford, Dutton, 1920

Planning Junior Red Cross for Next Year

Because we are living during a great emergency period, when lesser emergencies arise constantly, and because the Red Cross must keep its organization flexible enough to meet emergencies promptly, the Junior Red Cross program sometimes presents new opportunities on short notice. An example this year was the call for favors and gifts for the armed forces and others in Iceland at Christmas time, reported in the January *News*. These emergency opportunities, however, fit into a larger frame, which brings greater educational benefit to a school.

It may be possible for you, planning ahead for next year's course, to note the places in the regular course of study where an understanding of Red Cross humanitarian activities and participation through the Junior Red Cross can have a logical place. Here are some of the activities you may want to include in your planning:

Members can carry on a continuing "War on Waste" as outlined in the new Junior Red Cross leaflets, during the summer, and can start on it as a school activity again as soon as schools reopen.

Services to the armed forces and services to men in government hospitals will continue, the gifts probably including items on the lists now published, with new items as needed.

Service to blind children will go on. Brailled stories now being printed will be ready for covering next fall as usual, and there will be a chance to make toys, games, and models, and to develop friendly acquaintance with the blind in one's own community. Service of this kind sets the democratic humanitarian way of living in sharp contrast with the ruthless, un-human ideology of Nazism.

National and world understanding will find expression in school correspondence. Gift Boxes may be sent abroad as in past years.

First Aid courses will open opportunity to organize for help in one's own school, and for making useful equipment like triangular bandages, or splints. Home Nursing and Nutrition classes will give Junior High School students a chance for special training. (See page 3)

Gifts for institutions and groups in local communities will be needed as always, and Junior Red Cross members will share in finding better solutions for community problems.

Above all, pupils should understand the Red Cross movement, what it has meant in the world as an instrument for good will and what it can mean today as a way of retaining faith in humanity; what it should mean in each locality as a center of unity among groups of different national and racial backgrounds, a unity based on working together in good will for others. Preparatory to the annual Junior Red Cross Enrollment you may want to ask your Junior Red Cross Chairman to secure for you the latest summaries of Red Cross accomplishments in War Relief and in welfare work related to National Defense. Such material, worked into Social Studies classes will give meaning to the activities that pupils participate in, through classes in art, manual arts, home arts, health, English composition, and others.

Junior Red Cross Members in Defense

A Summary

THROUGHOUT this year new opportunities have been announced for Junior Red Cross members to participate in National Defense. Some of the activities are appropriate for elementary schools; almost all are within the range of those junior high schools that have instruction and technical accomplishment for Manual or Home Arts classes. A summary of the important opportunities follows:

1. Strengthening of National Morale

Junior Red Cross members can do their part in building Morale, through conservation of life and health; through developing mutual appreciation and comradeship among economic, social, racial, and religious groups in our country; through continuing study of the responsibilities of the American people for development of a future world of order and justice; through a thorough understanding of the nature of democracy; and through building in others that sense of individual worth realized healthily in voluntary service. (See the February *Guide for Teachers*.)

2. War on Waste

The leaflets announced in the March *Guide for Teachers* are among the most useful classroom materials published by the Junior Red Cross.

3. Service to the Armed Forces

In December Red Cross Chapters received a "List of Articles Approved for Army and Naval Hospitals." Since then, patterns have been drafted for many of the more than fifty articles listed: card table covers, cushion covers, head of bed clothes-hangers, hospital tray clamp, Morse keyboard practice set, convalescent slippers, writing board, lap board, floor lamp, table lamp, smoking stand, ash stand, lamp stand. The complete lists and the patterns are available to schools through Red Cross Chapters or Area Headquarters.

4. Training in Red Cross First Aid

The Junior Course is available for pupils from twelve to seventeen years old or from the seventh through the tenth school grades; older students are eligible for the Standard Course.

5. Provision of equipment for First Aid

Chapters have shouldered the tremendous responsibility of training adults and students. Junior Red Cross members through their Manual Arts classes can do more than any other group to meet this need. Patterns are ready for two essential articles: a traction splint made of wood, and a stretcher. There is also need of a wooden First Aid kit as a substitute for metal kits used before priority needs absorbed the metal, and for First Aid cabinets or cupboards tall enough to house not only the First Aid kits, but the splints.

In addition to these wood items innumerable triangular bandages are needed. These bandages are isosceles triangles with the equal sides measuring forty inches, or approximately that, according to the width of the material. For instruction purposes and, in fact, for practical use also, there is an advantage in having bandages of two colors so that when more than one are combined, as for traction splinting, the joinings can be easily seen. Hemmed edges are better than rough, for hemming prevents raveling, tearing, and stretching.

Uses for the material may include any of the following:

- a. For the First Aid training program among adults in your Chapter
- b. For the training program in your own schools and also for equipment of First Aid Cupboards in your schools
- c. To provide through the Red Cross Chapter equipment for the use of the Mobile Emergency Service of the local Office of Civilian Defense
- d. To provide equipment for local Disaster Relief headquarters of your Red Cross Chapter
- e. To provide equipment for neighborhood First Aid stations which are manned by personnel trained in giving emergency First Aid until the Emergency Medical Service Squad arrives
- f. To provide equipment for pupils' homes where some members of the family have been trained to use it through completion of the First Aid course

Most Chapters will not need equipment for all these purposes. Providing it will be a vital service to Civilian Defense. Manual Arts teachers can find out what this need is through the Junior Red Cross Sponsor of your school, or your Chapter Junior Red Cross Chairman, or the First Aid Committee of your Chapter. In addition to securing the approved patterns through your Chapter, it would be wise to ask also that someone in charge of First Aid inspect and check the final products to make sure that they meet necessary requirements for strength and safety.

6. Training in Red Cross Home Nursing

A Junior course is available for pupils of the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades. The course is not suitable for pupils below the seventh grade or under the age of twelve years. A pamphlet, "Red Cross Home Nursing, Courses in Schools," explains ways that this course can be fitted into the school program and related to other school courses, to extra-curricular projects, and service in the home, school, and community.

Before School Closes

If the brailled stories accepted for covering or the toys promised to schools for the blind have not yet been sent on their way, will you explain to the pupils that they should be finished and forwarded, if possible, before the end of this month to the schools assigned? It is important that no blind child shall go home for summer vacation disappointed over not having received his promised gifts. Notes accompanying the gifts should be phrased in the comradely spirit of Junior Red Cross members towards fellow members and schoolmates in other sections of our country.

As a part of defense conservation, many families that usually go on vacations in their cars may this summer elect to stay home. Why not, before school closes, make personal Home Vacation Guidebooks with pages and maps listing playgrounds, hiking routes, swimming pools, picnic places, museums, libraries, and summer courses available?

There can be pages that will serve as reminders of personal responsibilities with relation to defense and cooperation with community plans for the safety of all citizens. Other pages can indicate opportunities for continuing service of other kinds and perhaps for sharing vacation pleasures with fellow members; for example, exchanges of visits between town and country members. Other pages can serve as reminders of vacation hazards and precautions against accident and illness, as suggested on Page 4 of this *Guide*.

Physical and Mental Fitness for Serving

Child Health Week, 1942

DURING the first week of May, designated as Child Health Week, many communities will follow the leadership of the Children's Bureau in emphasizing the importance of immunizing children against the contagious diseases that science has brought under control. Examples are smallpox and diphtheria. War increases the hazards of epidemics because of the breakdown of quarantine, and it is hoped that Junior Red Cross members will cooperate actively in the campaign as one of their Defense services. Teachers may want to plan this month to allow a place in their schedule for useful instruction. A special article is being written for the May *Junior Red Cross News*.

Spring and Summer Hazards

Before schools close Junior Red Cross members might make individual booklets to be used as personal guides during the summer vacation in keeping physically and mentally fit. Specific vacation hazards are discussed in a pamphlet called "Summertime Safety in the Great Outdoors," by Kenneth N. Beadle, published by the Editorial Division of the National Conservation Bureau of the Association of Casualty and Surety Executives, 60 John Street, New York City. These include drinking polluted water, drowning, heart failure, heat exhaustion, insect stings, lightning, mushroom poisoning, poison ivy, poison oak, poison sumac, snake bite, sunburn, sunstroke, wounds, and cuts.

Those who have had the Red Cross First Aid Course know the means of prevention and the First Aid measures. The leaflet cited gives a good summary of those hazards that are particularly important to guard against in the summer.

A number of health study periods might be devoted to discussing and outlining the summer hazards that the pupils in your class will be exposed to. For those who are staying home in a big city, for instance, there is no particular point in spending much time on snake bites. There may be few or no poison shrubs or plants in your part of the country. If the pupils themselves help to list the local hazards and to make their own notebook of preventive and First Aid measures recommended in the Red Cross First Aid Text, they will be better prepared to meet the emergencies.

Drowning Hazards for Runabouts

In the *Guide for Teachers* for February, special mention was made of the large number of infant deaths from smothering. Water hazards to children of the runabout age are also great. The *Statistical Bulletin* of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, June, 1940, said:

"More one-year-old children than persons of any other single year of age drown annually, and those aged two years also contribute far out of proportion to their number to the toll of drownings."

Only a small proportion of these accidents occur on beaches and other resorts. Most of them happen in back yards of suburbs and farms, nearly always on the home premises, in fish ponds, lily ponds, cisterns, cesspools, irrigation ditches, and small streams, also open barrels, vats, and other containers of fluids. Such drownings occurred even in bathtubs. The bulletin declared:

"The responsibility for preventing drownings among these very young children is obviously in the lap of the parents. Children of this age must be watched

constantly. They cannot be left alone safely for even a short time outside the house where there are natural or artificial ponds, nor inside the home near tubs or pans partly filled with water."

As suggested in the February *Guide*, Junior Red Cross members can be led to feel a serious responsibility for small brothers and sisters. They could actually reduce the number of casualties among children of this age group; and the development of responsibility for others will react to make them more careful themselves.

Protecting Eyes from Sun Glare

A majority of people have become conscious of discomfort and a degree of danger to eyes from bright summer sun. The need of choosing sun glasses carefully is discussed in a pamphlet, "Sun Glasses," by Dr. Arno E. Town, Publication No. 333, National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, New York City, five cents.

Glare is defined as "any brightness within the field of vision of such character as to cause discomfort, annoyance, interference with vision, or eye fatigue." Glare is less dangerous, however, than inferior quality sun glasses made from celluloid or defective glass, which "only increase the strain produced by the glare." Sun glasses should be bought from a reputable optician, and, if necessary, ground according to the oculist's prescription. There are a number of kinds of sun glass lenses available, made of materials and colors that absorb the rays of a spectrum uniformly.

One criticism sometimes heard of sun glasses is that they make the wearers dependent on them. The leaflet says:

"If worn unnecessarily and continuously, they may lower one's tolerance to light and instigate a discomfort in moderate illumination." The type chosen "depends upon the particular purpose for which you require them, and the depth of shade will depend upon just how sensitive you are to glare. When you are buying a pair of sun glasses, step outside on the sidewalk and try them on to see if they will suit your purpose." They should be worn only in the bright sun and never for night driving. "When you are not in the bright sun, in the best interests of your eye health, leave them off."

April News in the School

(Continued from page one)

Some Topics—The months we go to school, Plans for the last day of school

At your Rally, exhibit Correspondence albums from other parts of our own country, and tell about things that are different from things in your section, and things that are alike. Tell new things you have learned about our country from the albums.

Have a report on nation-wide activities through the National Children's Fund. Make hand-decorated cards of spring flowers for men in government hospitals to send their friends.

Make mascots for pupils in schools for the blind to take home with them, or toys to be kept in the school as a welcome to new pupils next year.

YOUNG MEMBERS, MAKE A BOOK FOR A DISTANT STATE. TELL ABOUT HOME, SCHOOL, YOUR TOWN, YOUR PETS, OR AN EXCURSION. ASK FOR AN ANSWER NEXT FALL.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

April • 1942

Part I

Gymkhana Medal

NAN DENKER

Illustrations by Gordon Ross

IT WAS SUN-UP. The boys of Sierra Camp Summer School were mounted, ready for the day's ride. All except one boy. He stood alone, stiffly at attention, while Captain Marshall inspected the mounts, giving instructions to "tuck in your elbows" here and "loosen up" there, as he passed among them. Then he turned to the boy standing alone.

"You're sure you don't want to join your troop, Correll?" The kind voice carried a thin edge of disapproval.

Stuart Correll stared bleakly at his captain. He wished that he could get hold of himself, and go with his class up into the purple range of mountains beyond, but he couldn't. He simply could not mount a horse again after all the humiliating spills he had taken. The others would call him a coward, of course, but he would have to take it.

"Better come along," Captain Marshall urged. "We're taking it easy today. Forest Ranger Howard is leading us to his lookout at Pine Summit. You can ride Nellie."

"Get him a rocking horse," someone whispered audibly. Another boy called out: "Better keep away from the stables, Correll; Diavolo might roll his eyes at you!"

Stuart's color deepened, and his mouth set in a straight line.

"I'd rather not, sir." He saluted, turned sharply, and strode toward the barracks. In a few moments he stopped to watch them ride away on the trail that led through the cool green woods to the peaks in the distance.

"What's the matter with me?" he asked

himself for the hundredth time. "Why do I hate this stunt riding and the whole atmosphere of this cavalry camp? And why does Dad insist on my attending when I am such a dud at the whole thing? He ought to know by this time that I'll never go in for polo or fancy riding even if all the Corrells have ridden to glory one way or another."

If only he could make his father understand that he intended to make a serious study of forestry—from replanting to tree surgery. He knew that riding a horse and riding well was part of outdoor life. A horse was necessary to cover distances that could be covered no other way in the forest. But that didn't mean he had to learn stunt riding—showing off just for the sake of medals.

He had been in camp all summer and had ridden every day, but somehow he had never felt the wild impulse that the other boys seemed to feel, to ride hard, take all barriers and perform on horseback like acrobats on a trapeze. Every time he forced himself to take even a low jump he had a spill.

Tomorrow was the annual gymkhana. The whole camp had been practicing for weeks to put on a good field day for visitors and parents, who would soon be arriving. Stuart felt sick deep down inside when he thought of his father's disappointment when he, Stuart, would only parade with his troop and then sit on the side lines.

It would be just his luck, Stuart brooded, for his father to come this afternoon, and he would be alone with him for hours and prob-



Every time he forced himself to take even a low jump, he had a spill

start and he knew they would lose no time on the level ground that stretched for several miles before the trail began to climb. But he must overtake them.

As fast as he could hurl himself he ran for the barracks and on to the stables. There was old Nellie, eyes half closed, nearly asleep on her feet. He could never catch up on Nellie. Diavolo was there, looking wickedly at him as he approached. Stuart didn't hesitate.

"You're going to be good, fellow," he said between clenched teeth. With steady hands he bridled the prancing horse. He jerked a saddle from its hook and dropped it over Diavolo's back, and, in spite of the stallion's rearing, managed to cinch the strap under his belly. In the back of his mind he knew that not another boy in the troop would dare to bridle and saddle Diavolo, and for an instant he had a glow of satisfaction. Yet, when he mounted, the old trembly feeling took hold of him again, but resolutely he turned the horse towards the woods.

The horse went like a bat out of a cave, at a gallop that Stuart never dreamed he could take and keep his saddle.

"Faster, Diavolo, faster!" Stuart urged the horse to its utmost speed until he saw in the distance the thin line of horsemen just beginning the ascent of the narrow trail.

"Wait!" he shouted. "Captain Marshall! Mr. Howard!"

Then he began to call: "Ra-a-a-nge! Ra-a-a-nge!"

The tone carried. To his great relief he saw the troop come to a halt and turn their horses. The ranger galloped to meet him.

"Fire!" Stuart shouted. "Near camp."

Without pausing even to answer, Ranger Howard was off in a cloud of dust. Stuart held Diavolo in, with all his strength, until Captain Marshall rode up.

"Fire, sir," Stuart repeated, then wheeled his horse and streaked away after the ranger.

Back in camp, orders were given that no one should leave camp bounds. No one was to go near the fire under any circumstances.

ably have to tell him that he wasn't entered in any of the events. No, he couldn't quite face that. He decided to go for a hike to his favorite hideout.

About half a mile up the trail he angled away from the path and made for his favorite tree. It was a giant redwood rising nearly three hundred feet straight up into the blue. Stuart stood and looked up into its topmost branches and wondered if it really could be as old as was claimed. All the tests indicated that it was at least a thousand years old. He tried to calculate how much lumber that one tree would make; how much shelter it could build for pioneers. He sat down at the base of the tree, and leaned his head against the trunk. Yesterday's spill was forgotten. His mind was with the pioneers as they made their dangerous way across the continent. He thrilled with them as they came upon such spots as this where there was timber to build their homes.

He was half conscious of hearing a crackling sound near by. Suddenly he was on his feet, sniffing the air. A fire in this forest? He couldn't believe it. He ran in the direction of the sound and, sure enough, saw smoke curling from the ground. A smoldering fire was creeping along under the brush, almost under the ground it seemed. As yet, it had not burst into flame. But how soon would it begin to flare and then reach up to the trees—and to his tree?

After a frantic effort he saw that he could not put out the fire with his bare hands. Get Mr. Howard, the ranger, and get him quick! But how? The troop had a good half hour's

"You are under orders, boys," Captain Marshall said. "I am responsible for your safety. Where's Correll?"

Captain Marshall found him with a group of fire fighters that Ranger Howard had assembled seemingly out of nowhere. They were all headed towards camp, dirty and tired, but happy and grateful that the fire was out. Thanks to Stuart, it had not had time to spread or flare high enough for the breeze to fan it into consuming flames.

Stuart had taken no chances with his tree. He had cut and raked and dug until he made a clearing that would protect the great redwood from anything but the most devastating forest fire. His hands were blistered and bleeding; his face was dirty beyond recognition.

"Your father has arrived, Stuart," Captain Marshall said. "He is worried about you."

"But I'm all right, sir." Stuart grinned. "All I need is a bath."

"And some bandages on those hands."

Stuart's grin broadened. "I'm afraid I can't ride in the gymkhana tomorrow, sir, with these hands, can I?"

"I'm afraid not." One of Captain Marshall's eyelids may have dropped for a fraction of a second. "Tough luck, Correll."

The gymkhana was over. Awards were being distributed. Medals were pinned on boys for jumping, for posting, for mounting and dismounting — for everything that makes horseback riding an art. Stuart, seated beside his father in the grandstand, was happy and content—except for his father's disappointment.

The old dull feeling of being a dud began to creep over Stuart again. He wished he had never seen a horse, wished he would never have to ride one again.

The last and most coveted medal was about to be awarded. Slim Peters gets this, Stuart thought indifferently. Peters can make any horse sit up and say "Uncle." Except Dia-

Stuart made a clearing to protect the great redwood

volo! Stuart's spirits rose. After all, I did ride Diavolo. Then he was on his feet at salute. Captain Marshall had called his name. He started to the judges' platform in a daze, dumfounded by the applause and shouting of the boys.

"For best general horsemanship—for the ability to ride well and fast in emergency—it is my great pleasure to present this medal to Stuart Correll."

Was this some grim joke? Or was he really receiving a medal? A glimpse of his father's beaming face proved that it was true. All the misery of the past weeks was swept away by a great wave of happiness, though he could not convince himself that he really deserved the medal. The boys cheered him to the echo as he rejoined his father.

"I'm taking you home for a week or two, Stuart, until your hands are in shape," his father said with a tight voice. "Then perhaps you and I can have a vacation together. Where would you like to go?"

"To the National Redwood Forest! Wouldn't that be something, Dad? Not any tourist stuff, but really go deep into the forest where very few people have ever been. We'll go horseback."



Diavolo went like a bat out of a cave

Smoke Jumper for Uncle Sam

MARGARET CURTIS MCKAY

A THUNDERSTORM crackled and boomed. The little cabin, perched on a mountain top in the Cascades, seven thousand feet high in the Chelan National Forest, trembled on its high stilts. Fire Guard Bill Rombert felt his hands tingle.

"Boy!" he breathed. "What a honey!" Blue fire danced for an instant before his dazzled eyes; thunder roared.

The rain swished against the windows, blotting out the great view of forest and mountain. Presently the clouds would drift to other peaks. The sun would shine out again as hot as ever. Then would come Bill's busy time. No telling how many old stumps or trees the lightning had struck. You'd think the rain would put out a fire as soon as it blazed up. But thunderstorms did not last long, and it was the dry season. The thick forests never got a good soaking till the snows came.

Half an hour later the clouds had lifted, and he was out on the narrow balcony peering through his telescope. He spied a wisp of smoke or a shred of mist, somewhere in the neighborhood of Billy Goat Mountain. No ground crew of fire fighters could reach the spot inside of ten or twelve hours. Bill Rombert knew what a head start even the smallest fire could get in that time.

Suddenly a speck sailed across the lens of his telescope. An airplane was circling over the place. "Good!" Bill heaved a sigh of relief. It wouldn't take the air fire scout long to discover whether that wisp was fog or smoke. And maybe he had a "smoke jumper" aboard. Bill had heard that they were trying out parachutists to fight fires.

The wisp grew larger. It was smoke all right. Bill hurried inside to the circular map on the table in the center of his cabin. Quickly manipulating the sight controls, he found exactly where that smoke came from. It was just above Black Horn Creek. Through his two-way radio he reported the fire to the nearest Forest Ranger Station. No doubt the air-

plane observer had already reported it to the nearest landing field.

Bill went outside again to watch. A small object detached itself from the circling plane. It looked like a mushroom. "It is—as I'm alive—it's a smoke jumper!" Bill said aloud. "Can he make it—and how will the poor guy ever get back to camp?" Well, *that* fire was no longer Bill's responsibility. He went back to scanning the horizon.

Airplanes in the Forest Service were, of course, nothing new. Ever since 1919, when five air bases were established in California, airplanes for fire protection had been used for scouting purposes in the state. At first they were Army planes, and the Army stood practically the entire expense. As the use of aircraft spread to other states, however, privately owned planes were contracted for by the regional offices of the United States Forest Service on a flying hour basis. They began to be used not only for fire detection, but also for transporting supplies to fire fighters on the ground.

But it was not until the summer of 1939 that parachutists were used. Region 6, Bill Rombert's territory, among the wooded slopes and jagged peaks of the Cascades in the Chelan National Forest, saw the first experiments.



This jumper, guiding his chute toward the smoke on the left, will probably be able to put out a dangerous forest fire

The moment the news of the smoke wisp Bill had seen was received at the landing field, one of eighty such fields maintained by the Forest Service, Pilot Benson began warming up his motor. Rex Boyd hustled into his "smoke jumper's" suit, zipped it up the front, and belted it closely. The trousers reached high above his natural waistline, and fitted snugly over his jacket. They zipped from waistband to feet. In the pocket in one trouser leg was the rope he might need to lower himself to the ground if he should land in a treetop. Both jacket and trousers were padded with thick felt, like a football suit. He adjusted his jumper's harness and the folded parachute. The parachute was of special design, and could be guided to the right or left by guide lines attached to two flaps in the canopy. A wide apron around the edge of the canopy slowed the descent to a rate about two-thirds that of an ordinary chute. Last of all, Rex adjusted his helmet, which had a convex mask of heavy steel wire mesh that hinged over his face.

"Ready?" called Pilot Benson. Rex waddled over to the waiting plane. They climbed aboard, and soon were soaring over the dark, wooded slopes, skimming low over the ridges. The little column of smoke was in a small clearing in the very heart of the wilderness. Pilot Benson circled the spot, then flew across it, letting go a small burlap test chute with a ten-pound bag of sand attached.

Rex watched intently as it drifted down, noting and carefully estimating the wind drift. Pilot Benson watched no less carefully, for he must signal Rex when to jump. Approaching the spot, again the pilot made his correction for wind and location, then gave the signal.

Firmly gripping the parachute rip cord, Rex descended the two steps let down from the floor of the plane, and leaped into space. A moment later he felt the jerk of the open chute. After the plunge, the drifting downward was pleasant. The dark tree-tops rushed up to meet him. Carefully refraining from reaching out to clutch the branches, he came to rest, securely caught high up in a tall pine.

He quickly divested himself of the parachute lines, made the rope from his trouser leg pocket fast to the nearest limb, and descended to the ground.

Snatching off his helmet, he looked up to where the plane still circled overhead. He was watching for the burlap parachute that contained his fire-fighting pack of tools, lamp,



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY U.S. FOREST SERVICE

The flier is dropping food and fire-fighting equipment to a parachutist who has already jumped

two days' rations, first-aid kit, and water canteen. Here it came, with a yellow streamer floating out behind, to help him locate the landing place.

With one practiced motion he unzipped his suit, carefully deposited on the ground the two-way radio set he carried under it, and crashed through the underbrush to the new blazing fire a few hundred feet away.

A tall stump was burning vigorously, and some underbrush was spreading the blaze. Rex lost no time. With axe and spade he bent to his job.

Bill Rombert, miles away in his lookout on the mountain top, continued to sweep the landscape with his telescope. During the fire hazard season a fireguard works twenty-four hours a day. During the afternoon he spotted and reported three other fires, all of them within reach of trained ground crews. He kept an eye on that first fire. He had seen the wisp of smoke turn to a column. Then, an hour or two after the descent of that tiny mushroom of a smoke jumper, he had seen the column die down to a lazy cloud which by evening had nearly disappeared.

"Out—by George! Out in less than three hours!" He felt excited. Without that smoke

(Concluded on page 219)



ALLEMA FROM THE KELSEY COLLECTION

Above, mother anteater, with baby on its back

OUR South American Zoo is an enormous place, eight million square miles of jungle, mountains and pampas, filled with animals and birds found nowhere else in the world. And, since the distances are great and the climate varies from the snow-topped Andes to the crocodile-filled rivers, most of the animals and birds live in special regions.

The awe-inspiring Andes begin at South America's very tip, at Tierra del Fuego, and move up northward along the Pacific side of the continent. Upon these rock-bound slopes, volcanoes rise to such heights that most of them are snowbound the year round. Most of the life here is dun-colored and gray. Two creatures that you will see on this moonscape are the llama and the condor. The llama is a beast of burden, trained and developed for carrying by the ancient Incas who once ruled all this Andean world. The llama (pronounce it *yah'-ma*) looks like a humpless camel, and, as someone once said, it has "the head of a camel, the body of a deer, the wool of a sheep, and the neigh of a horse." It weighs more than three hundred pounds and is as docile as a cow, except when it is overloaded. It can carry a cargo of seventy-five pounds, day after day, provided it gets its daily ration of fresh grass. The llama and the camel had common ancestors. Millions of years ago, the camel-like animals were found only in the Americas. Then some of them traversed the Alaskan land-bridge, moved on down through Asia and into Africa, and became the humped "ships of the desert." The camel tribe which became the llamas went southward to the Andean region, where they

South American Zoo

VICTOR WOLFGANG VON HAGEN

became the "ships of the mountains" of the Incas. There are really three kinds of these "New World camels"—the llama, which is seven feet from stubby tail to long ears; the guanaco; and the lovely, delicate vicuña which is still living in a semi-wild state, and yields soft reddish fur, and soft wool, which is woven into beautiful cloth.

Protected by their Indian keepers, the llama is nonetheless hunted by the puma in the mountains, when alive, and searched out, when dead, by that street-cleaner of the Andes, the condor.

The condor lives high and can soar above the snow-crusted height of the tallest volcano. Then, at one great swoop, it can volplane without a flap of its wing down to the shores of the Pacific. From the tip of South America to the high Andes of Colombia, this great bird, with a wing span of more than ten feet, holds sway, and nothing challenges it. It is not a fierce bird, save when defending its nest perched on some inaccessible Andean crag. It watches the flocks of llamas, vicuñas and cattle that roam the wind-swept, hail-pelted moors, and, as soon as its sharp eyes note that an animal is dying, it begins to circle and circle. Only when death has claimed the animal does the condor come down on its great black and white pinions and take over its job of scavenger.

Hummingbirds fly beside the condors at these great heights; and, down below, the spectacled bear roots among the shrubs and dwarf trees for food. The spectacled bear is the panda in reverse, for where the panda is white with dark patches, this bear, the only bear in all South America, has black fur and white patches.

The puma is one of the big cats, but it is smaller than the African lion and without a lion's mane. Its color varies from a deep red to a distinct fawn color. It weighs two hundred pounds, and from nose to tail may measure as much as nine feet. And, although it hunts cattle, deer, llamas, it avoids man.

The great rolling pampas form another section of the South American Zoo. Like the

At left, one of the author's wooly monkeys



veldt of Africa, this section is filled with ostrich-like birds, the rheas. The guanaco and the wild cattle graze beside the rhea, as the zebra and the wildebeest do beside the African ostrich. The pampas look something like a cross between the long, broad, treeless plains of Kansas and the tumbled mountains of the Dakota Badlands. They are filled with the burrowings of the *vizcacha*, a large rodent which some people call the Patagonian hare.

From a distance, the rolling pampas

seem without life until after dusk. Then you hear the sweet and mournful cry of the tinamou bird, which looks like a big partridge. The clarion voice of the crested screamer can be heard for miles. It is the watchbird of the pampas wilderness. The big tawny puma opens his mouth and yawns, stretches himself and sets out to look for his food, and the foxes and jaguars slink out from their lairs to look for prey. The *vizcacha* quits his hole in the ground to feed on the river banks.

The only living thing that is really safe, day and night on the pampas, is the rhea, the American ostrich. Like the African ostrich, it can not fly, it has no song to speak of, no feathers that are attractively colored. But because it can run faster than the whistling pampas wind and because its long neck gives it a good view of the rolling prairies, no prowling animal can come near enough to threaten it. Only the Argentine cowboys, the gauchos, can really catch it, and they need dogs and fast horses, for the rhea can reverse itself while pounding along at full speed, and it can only be caught if it is cornered, and the gaucho can bring it down with his queer lasso, the bola.

Once in the dim, distant lost ages, all sorts of animals roamed the pampas. Giant mastodons, enormous armadillos, twenty times the size of those that live there now, pigmy horses, giant saw-toothed animals without names and



COURTESY OF PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

Passenger planes now wing their way above ancient Peruvian llama routes

without history once roamed the plains. Now they are gone, but their bones are still preserved in the rocks of Patagonia.

The pampas and the Andes cover more than three-quarters of South America, but the jungle is so bewilderingly thick with trees, vines, hanging gardens, and wide-flowing dark rivers that, once you are in its center, you feel that it is the biggest part of our South American Zoo. Certainly it is the most interesting. There are umbrella birds in the trees, with feathers atop their heads like old Victorian parasols; and there are umbrella ants below, which cut off and carry bits of leaves tightly clutched in their jaws. There are bell birds and howling monkeys; there are giant lantern-bugs, and enormous snakes which slither in the dark, mysterious rivers.

The jungle day usually begins with a concert from the howling monkeys. They sit high in the trees, as big as cocker spaniels, and roar like a lot of angry lions. The mist from the jungle gradually rises, and in its wake insects vibrate to life. With outspread wings, a brilliantly blue Morpho butterfly flutters aimlessly through the jungle. Wooly monkeys swing off to munch on some golden sapote fruits; spider monkeys careen madly through the trees; and tiny marmosets, glad that night has passed, set off in the hope of catching some big insect for breakfast. All morning long the jungle is a madhouse, with the call

of the trumpeter bird, the ring of the bell bird, the sound of the howling monkeys.

Then, when the sun is hot, and its rays slant, the jungle quiets down, and all you can hear is the tui-tui-tui, the trill of the lizards.

In the tropics it is light, and then, suddenly, it is dark. Just before nightfall, the birds of the day scream their last notes and go hurrying to their nightly perches. The day-monkeys settle down to a troubled night's sleep. There is the cry of the snake hawk, wa-ka, wa-ka. Then black objects unhitch themselves from the underside of the big leaves and fly swiftly in the night. These are the vampire bats.

If you have sharp eyes, you will see something move in a tree. Perhaps you thought it actually part of the tree. But that is the trick of the sloth, the famed upside-down animal with its long hair so covered with little plants that it looks just like the trunk of a tree. Folded there, upside down, the sloth sleeps through the day, and then, with the night settling down, it unrolls itself and begins slowly, very slowly (always upside down) to start the search for its feeding ground. Its four legs are armed with three sickle-like claws, and with these it grasps the branch overhead.

Hardly has it proceeded a few yards when a roar breaks out in the jungle. The sloth knows that roar. Everything in the jungle does. There is a loud cough, the branches part, and out walks his Spotted Majesty, the Jaguar. Look how he balances himself on that wide branch; how well he bears his two hundred pounds and eight-foot length. At first glance he might be mistaken for a leopard, but the jaguar's body is heavier and more powerful than the leopard's, and its black rosette markings are very large. The natives call it a "tigre," a tiger, but almost everyone knows that there are no tigers in South America.

At certain times of the year, the jaguar will cover hundreds of miles in a single day. The jaguars of the jungle have to be able to run on the ground, climb trees and, if need be, swim. The jaguar likes big animals, like the wild pigs that come in droves or the big deer that frequents the forest. And it likes best of all to stalk and catch a tapir, the animal that looks half-rhinoceros, half-pig. You can see by the way a jaguar crouches just above a narrow trail that this is the private road of a tapir. Perhaps the jaguar has caught one here before. It lies there very quietly on the branch, now and then moving its stubby, spotted tail.

Seeing and hearing the tapir, you wonder how it ever gets away from anything. It is the largest animal native to the continent of South America; it stands about three feet high and weighs about five hundred pounds. It has a piggish look about the head, but its snout is long. Put a rhino-horn on its nose, and with its hoofs and short ears and squat heavy body it would look like an African rhinoceros. There are several kinds of tapirs in the Americas, and only one found elsewhere, a larger black and white species in the Netherlands East Indies. Somehow, like the camel's, its ancestors once crossed to Asia over land-bridges that no longer exist. The tapir exists today because it is a very tough animal. The young are spotted like deer; and the mother tapir, although usually frightened at the least noise, will stand by and protect them to the last. When she is alone, the mere crack of a twig is enough to send her off into the jungle or the river. For the tapir is just as much at home in the water as it is on land. It can dive under the water like a hippopotamus, and remain there for a long time, or it can swim on the surface with churning strokes. The tapir is nearsighted, but it makes up for this with acute hearing and a keen sense of smell.

As it follows the trail to its feeding ground, it picks its way very carefully. You wonder how such a clumsy animal could ever go through a thick jungle without making noise. Still, no matter how silent it is, the jaguar hears it. See the big cat rising from the tree. It is now in a crouch. The tapir does not even suspect. Like a flash the jaguar leaps on its back. The tapir brings back its snout and gives a long whistle like a train blowing off steam.

It has only one defense against the agile jaguar which has dug its claws and fangs into its back. Run, run, run. And run it does, right into the forest, into the trees, under the low vines. It sounds like the stampede of a herd of wild cattle. The jaguar tries to hold on, but at last it is caught under the neck with a thick vine; the tapir snorts again, and the jaguar flops down to the ground. "Missed," the big cat might well say. It will try again on some other dark jungle night.

Everywhere in South America there is beauty and strangeness in the host of animals and birds which make the jungle, the pampas or the frigid moorlands of the Andes into one gigantic mosaic of light and color.

Lupe and the Goddesses

JULIA WRIGHT STEWART

Illustrations by Katherine Milhous

LUPE AND MARIA were playing under the biggest comfort tree in Zapotenza. The sun was warm in the Valley of Mexico in the early afternoon, and the shade was cool and pleasant. Lupe stood on tiptoe and pulled at some of the lower leaves of the tree.

"What do you want the leaves for?" asked Maria, from her seat on the ground. "Are you going to pretend that they are little swords, as Miguel does?"

"No," said Lupe. "I just like the camphor smell they have. It makes me think of my mother. You know, when she was alive, she used to like to have me bring them to her to lay along her cheek when her head ached." Lupe sighed. "At least I'm glad I can take care of my father. He says nobody can make better tortillas or frijoles or chili than I can."

Suddenly there was a loud "boom!" The girls looked over to the place where the men were cutting the road out of the side of the big hill. A great cloud of dust hung there, and the men were already going back to clean up after the blast. Without a word, the children jumped up and ran across the fields to watch the road builders.

Already you could see how the road was going to look. It cut across the valley in a long sweep until it came to the spur of the hill where the men were working. There it curved into the great cut in the rock. Around it the valley was huge and flat, as only an old dried-up lake bottom can be flat. A few hills rose from it like islands. Near the big hill was the knoll on which Lupe's and Maria's village stood; a mile and a half away the sunlight picked out the ancient yellow buildings set in gardens and trees on the rocky slopes above Guadalupe. And all around the valley, at a great distance, were the enormous violet-colored mountain ranges.

Lupe had never understood why the government was building the new road. There was already a beautiful old road running north from Mexico City through Guadalupe to Teotihuacán and who knew how much farther up the great valley. It was a fine hard road, shaded for miles by rows of comfort trees. Huge buses ran along it,

and fine cars of rich people. Trains of little burros passed over it, loaded with neat packs of firewood, or all but buried under piles of green hay or cornstalks. Small boys watched herds of steers and goats, cows and sheep as they cropped the long grass beside it. Men strode along the road, leaning into the head straps of the burdens that they carried on their backs. Women walked it, balancing *ollas* full of water on their shoulders, carrying small children pickaback in their *rebosas*; they laughed and talked with the other women who washed their clothes snowy white in the ditches beside it. It was a wonderful road.

Her friend, Francisco, stopped loading his wheelbarrow to speak to them. Lupe said, "Why do they have a new road? Isn't the old one good enough?"

Francisco shrugged. "They say it doesn't go far enough. This new road goes far beyond the valley here. It climbs over all the mountain ranges between here and Monterrey. From it you can look down on eagles. It crosses rivers on great bridges. It crosses deserts. It goes through the country where the men carry machetes with hooks on their tips, and through the land where they grow bananas and oranges. It is more than a thousand kilometers long."



Lupe was astonished. "Why does it go over the deserts?" she asked.

"It goes up to the United States. Soon you will see the cars of the *Americanos del Norte* on this road."

Maria had been watching the sky. "I'll beat you home," she called. "It's going to rain."

Together the children raced homewards. Dark thunderclouds had covered the sun, and they ran to keep warm, wrapping their *re-bosas* more closely about their shoulders as they went. They were almost home when Lupe suddenly stopped short and stooped to the ground.

"What did you find?" Maria asked.

Lupe held up a queer little clay figure of a woman. "Look, I've got another of the little goddesses. That makes seven. Come on in, and we can play with them until the rain is over."

Together the children went into Lupe's little gray adobe house. There was a table, and two chairs, but Maria sat on the floor near the door. Lupe took a pottery jar down from the shelf. She turned it upside down in her lap, and out fell six strange little images, made of the same red clay as the pot. Brushing off the dirt, Lupe put the one she had just found beside them.

"See, Maria, this is the best one I've found yet. It's smooth and fine. This one"—Lupe held up one of the old ones—"I almost think I could have made myself. But my new one is pretty. The fingers are almost real and it has a beautiful headdress. And it is not broken at all!"

Maria put her hands behind her. "I don't like them much," she said.

"But my father says that our forefathers made them for gods. Doesn't that make them mysterious?"

"Yes," said Maria. "I don't like them."

"Well, I do; don't I, little gods? I think you're fun to play with."

Rainy season and dry season passed, and at length the new road was finished. Many cars raced along it, and buses full of people went at breakneck speed. Every bus had young men hanging on to the back. Lupe got so used to the cars that she stopped watching. And then came the rains once more. Every afternoon great masses of clouds would rise behind the mountains to the north, the sun would disappear, and suddenly there would be a heavy shower. In a week all the fields turned from brown to green, and soon flowers were blooming everywhere.

There was more and more rain. The ditches were full, and sometimes the fields were flooded. One afternoon, after an especially heavy storm, Lupe looked down from her hill and couldn't see part of the road at all. It was quite under water, and there was a car there that couldn't go through. Nobody could use the fine new road for many days. And when the water went down, men had to come and mend the road where the edges had been broken.

It was because of that flood that the men with the wheelbarrows came over to Lupe's own hill after the rains had stopped. This time they did not need to blast, for her hill was solid clay—except, that is, for the broken pottery in it. There was almost as much of that as of the dirt itself. You could not dig down so deep that you did not find the broken pieces of dishes, red clay dishes like Lupe's own. Some were plain, some were cut or painted with pretty patterns such as people never used any more, some had legs or handles, some had grater bottoms like the dish in which Lupe ground tomatoes and pepper when she made chili. There were pieces of every kind of pot, and there were a few goddesses—the dishes and idols that Lupe's forefathers had used long before the coming of the Spaniards. The hill on which the village stood was made of them.

But now the men were digging the hill out and taking it away.

Lupe's father said there was nothing they could do about it. The government had bought the land, and could take it away if it wanted to.

"They are putting the dirt down for a dyke to keep the high water from the great road," said her father. "The cars could not go over it when it was flooded."

"But they're taking away our hill," wailed Lupe.

"They won't take it all."

Day after day the men dug the dirt and carried it off, until Lupe began to wonder if they wouldn't come to her house before long. Still, the men were nice. She made friends with them.

And, watching while they dug, Lupe found more of her little gods. One day in May she found something better—a wonderful new friend, a strange man from Mexico City. He, too, looked at the broken pieces of pottery that lay on the ground, and some of those that had pretty designs on them, he kept. While he was there, Lupe picked up another

of the little goddesses.

"What have you found," called the stranger, "a little image?"

Lupe showed it to him. The man took it carefully and looked at it. "It's a beauty," he said, as he gave it back to her. "Do you like the little goddesses?"

"Yes," said Lupe, "do you?"

"Very much, but I have none finer than this. Did you know that our ancestors thought these little figures would make their fields fertile, so that the crops would grow well?"

"I have eleven others," said Lupe. "I'll show them to you if you want to see them."

She took the stranger to her house. "Pasa," said he grandly, and stood back to let her enter first.

At last Lupe had found someone who liked her treasures as well as she did. Moreover, the stranger, too, was sorry that the hill was being taken away. She told him all about it.

"We have always lived here," she said. "I and my father and his father and his father."

"I have little doubt," said the stranger, "that your family has lived here since before the birth of Christ. There has been a village here at least that long. Have you noticed how deep the men dug before they came to the bottom of the pottery? It is at least four or five meters deep. The village must have been here at least two thousand years. It is much older than Mexico City."

"Than Mexico, the capital, itself?"

"Yes, Zapotenza was an ancient town even when the Aztecs first came to the valley and saw the eagle perched on the rock with the serpent in his beak. Then there was only a great lake where Mexico City now stands; but the Aztecs took the eagle for a sign and built their capital there in the lake. But that was less than a thousand years ago.

"Zapotenza is older even than the ruins at Teotihuacán. Have you ever seen the huge pyramid of the sun, the great courts and avenues, and the feathered snakes carved on the temple of Quetzalcoatl at Teotihuacán, Lupe?"

Nowadays you hear a good deal about the great Pan American Highway. Congress has just voted \$20,000,000 to push it from Mexico to the Panama Canal. See map in the NEWS, April 1941.



"Pasa," the stranger said grandly

Lupe's eyes were like saucers. "No, but I have heard of them. Who built them? Why does nobody live at that city now?"

"Nobody knows surely why the people left it, but the shrines had been deserted before the Aztecs came. And your ancestors and mine built them, and they helped build Tenochtitlan, the Aztec city, too, that the Spaniards conquered and turned into Mexico City."

"Were they the same people who made the little images?"

"Yes, and the children

of those people. Some of the little images are older than the pyramids."

"Did those people build the cathedral at Guadalupe and all the other convents and churches when the Spaniards came?"

"Yes, Lupe."

"And now my father has been building the great new road. How fine! But it is too bad to take away our oldest village of all to keep the new road dry. Maybe they will take it all away," she added dismally.

Suddenly it was dark in the little house. There was a rumble of thunder.

"Look! The rain!" cried Lupe. "The first rain of the new season!"

Francisco appeared at the door. "May I come in?" he asked. "Well, Lupe, that job is done, and just in time, too. This year's rains won't flood the road."

"Done?" said Lupe. "You're not going to dig my hill any more? Oh, Francisco, you won't take away any more of Zapotenza?"

"No, of course not. Did you think we'd take the whole village away?"

Lupe thought her heart would burst for happiness. Thank heaven for the rains.

"Now the rest of the idols can lie peacefully in Zapotenza and wait until you and I find them, Lupe," said the new friend.

Olla (oh'-ya)—round earthen jar.

Americanos del Norte (Ah-may-ree-cáh-nohs del nór-tay)—North Americans.

Pasa (pah-sah)—pass, go through.

Rebosa (reh-boh'-sah)—shawl.

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No Convention This Year

THIS YEAR the railroads of our country are needed to transport soldiers and war supplies; car owners are using their cars only for actually necessary trips; people everywhere are contributing their money to the Red Cross or other agencies, or buying Defense Stamps and Bonds; thousands of men and women and young people are busy doing what they can to help our country in its grave hour. So the American Red Cross has decided that it is better not to have its annual convention this year. We shall miss those wonderful sessions of high school delegates which have meant so much to all the leaders of the American Junior Red Cross. But, of course, the decision is a wise one.

School of the Air of the Americas

ON APRIL 13 the broadcast of the CBS School of the Air of the Americas is about Forest Rangers. This will be of special interest in connection with "Gymkhana Medal" and "Smoke Jumper for Uncle Sam" in this issue of the News. The program about the Coast Guard on April 20 is sure to be worth hearing, too. You will not want to miss the programs for April 8, 15, and 22, which will be about early days in Texas; about how Frémont and Kit Carson found the best way from the Mississippi Valley to the Pacific Coast; about building the railroads to the West. The April

9 feature will be the grand baseball story of John R. Tunis, "Kid from Tomkinsville."

Good Neighbors

DOWN in the heart of Paraguay, there is a little bit of land that belongs to Uruguay. And on that land, near the shade of a great old spreading tree, there is a school which also belongs to Uruguay. All the teachers are Uruguayans, and the school is a part of the regular school system of their country. But the pupils are all Paraguayans from the neighborhood. Every day they sing a special song that says that they have two countries, and ends with the names of both Uruguay and Paraguay.

The story of this school goes back to the time of our Civil War. Paraguay was then carrying on one of the most desperate battles of history. Provoked by the rash act of Francia, Paraguay's dictator, Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina invaded her territory. For five years the battle raged. Every man or boy who could bear arms had to go into Francia's forces. Whole regiments were made up of boys between twelve and fifteen years of age. When the beasts of burden were killed off, the women undertook to transport ammunition and supplies. At the end of the strife, the population had been cut down from more than a million to less than 300,000 and there were only about 28,000 men left.

When the worst of the bitterness that always poisons the minds of belligerents during and after any war had died away, the people of Uruguay recognized how heroically the Paraguayans had fought. And to show their appreciation of a gallant enemy, they gathered up all the battle flags and other trophies they had won and sent them back to Paraguay.

Then Paraguay thought of a fine way to show how she valued this gift. It happened that away back in 1814, when José Artigas had lost his power as dictator in Uruguay, he had fled to Paraguay and had been befriended by Francia. He continued to live in Paraguay, doing much good for the people around him. So, in return for their trophies, the Paraguayans gave the spot where Artigas had lived to Uruguay. Near the great tree under which he spent much time as an old man, they built a school and there today Paraguayan children, whose great-grandfathers once fought Uruguayans to the death, learn to respect and admire their neighbor country.

War on Waste

Below, pupils at Central School, Joliet, Illinois, and, at right, Lexington, Massachusetts, Junior High students make war on waste, salvaging paper to sell for War Fund money



COURTESY HERALD-NEWS, JOLIET, ILLINOIS



COURTESY CLAYTON GILL

WE MUST wage the war on waste not as one big spasm of salvaging paper, metals, rubber, and cloth, but for the duration. And it means conservation, too—all the time.

There are now more than 13,000,000 members of the American Junior Red Cross. Just now we are asking all of you to collect in your homes and bring to storage places set aside in your schools the following materials:

Paper: Nearly half the peacetime production of paper in the United States is what is known as "paper board," used for packaging. In wartime this material is used in all sorts of ways, from wrapping airplane parts and soldiers' clothing to packaging thousands of tons of Lease-Lend foods for Britain. Now, seventy per cent of our paper board is made of recovered waste paper. But, if everybody saved all the newspapers, magazines, paper bags, boxes and other waste paper, and put it back into circulation, as much as eighty-five to ninety per cent of our paper board could be made of

recovered waste paper. Most of our paper is made of wood pulp, which comes right out of our forests. Using recovered waste paper will help save our trees. That's why you are being asked to collect and keep on collecting all the waste paper in your home to add to the pile to be sold and put back into use.

Textiles: Great quantities of wool and cotton are being used for soldiers' clothing and other war needs. Wool imports have been cut down. Industry needs more and more waste rags for wiping machinery. Wool fibers can be respun or refelted with much of their original strength. Waste scraps of cloth may even go back into roofing material for defense housing. Find out whether a dealer in your community will buy the clean waste textiles collected in your homes. And take good care of the clothes you have.

Rubber: The war has cut off our great rubber supplies. Our stocks of new rubber must be used to put our army on wheels. Reclaimed rubber must work for civilians. That's why you are being asked to gather and keep on gathering any waste rubber there may be in your home: bathing caps, worn-out galoshes and rubbers, leaky water bottles, rubber bands, worn rubber soles, any pieces of rubber no longer useable. And you are also asked to take good care of the rubber materials you are now using.

Ask your teacher to get from the Junior Red Cross Chairman in your local Red Cross Chapter the pamphlets about the War on Waste—ARC 1406, with inserts 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Before McAdam's reforms, broad wheels were required to move covered wagons over muddy roads. Bumps and holes in the roads caused many dangerous spills like the one at right

IN 1756, the year John Loudon McAdam was born, it took four and one-half days to go by coach from London to Manchester. All goods were carried on horseback or in bullock carts.

In winter, after a heavy snowstorm, horses floundered belly-deep through drifts, dragging the coach after them as best they could. Spring and fall rains turned roads into quagmires. Coaches sank in up to the wheel hubs, while the powerful horses strained and plunged. Men passengers sprang out and helped pull, tug and lift, to free the coach from the bubbling mud and mire. Sometimes the heavy vehicle overturned, amid hysterical screams from women passengers.

When a country road became impassable, it was abandoned, and another one was made parallel to it. No one ever thought of repairing highways. The powerful coach horses lasted only three or four years. Often they had to be shot as the result of breaking a leg when a coach lay overturned in a ditch. Under those circumstances, it was not surprising that many people had never been more than twenty miles from home. Citizens put up with this state of affairs. No one did anything about it until McAdam came.

Up in Scotland, in the township of Ayr, lived the McAdam family. The father owned property and was one of the founders and directors of the local bank. Still, there were many children and money was none too plentiful when John Loudon McAdam was born in September, 1756. He attended the parish school. One day when he was about twelve, he came rushing home with great news.

"Father, I have won a prize at school."

"A prize, John, and what for?"

The lank twelve-year-old flushed. His deep-set black eyes shone.

"A model of a road I made, Father. As I think a road should be. It's on exhibition in the schoolhouse."

McAdam,

The Name that Covers the Earth

EVELYN STRONG



His father smiled. "I must see it. What is this wonderful road? Suppose you tell me about it."

John twisted his hands in his eagerness to explain. "A road should be firmlike. It should rest on stones, so rain and snow would run off, so the poor beasts would not stick in the mud and break their legs."

"Would you like to be an engineer and build roads, John?"

"I would like it fine, Father."

"There are many mouths to feed, and I am not a rich man. But we'll see, when you are a few years older."

This was not to be, for two years later John's father died, leaving so little that a profession was out of the question for his son. An uncle, who had settled in America years before and prospered, sent for John, and the fourteen-year-old boy made the journey all alone. He went to work in his uncle's New York office, and for the time being had to forget all about his dreams for highway improvement.

When John McAdam had been in America for some years, the Revolution broke out, and he became rich from the sale of prizes—that is, captured merchantmen and their cargoes, which were sold at auction to the highest bidder. McAdam married Anne de Lancy, sister of Bishop de Lancy of New York.

Although McAdam had done well in business in New York, he had a great homesickness for his own country. When the war of the American Revolution ended, he returned to Scotland with his wife and children. Back

in his native Ayrshire, he bought an estate and took a great interest in town affairs. He became Commissioner of the Peace and Deputy Lieutenant. Then he was made Trustee of Highroads. So well did he do this work that his fame spread. Ayrshire was the only locality in Scotland that boasted good highways and uninterrupted travel.

McAdam was invited to Bristol, England, to show what he could do there. Just at this time, however, England was summoning all her resources to fight Napoleon I, and was in hourly expectation of an invasion. McAdam raised a volunteer artillery corps for coast defense. He was made a Major, and employed in the Navy Commissariat. But roads never ceased to be his chief interest. After the threat of invasion subsided, McAdam went back to road building and mending.

By 1814, McAdam had traveled 30,000 miles all over the British Isles, and had spent £5,019 out of his own pocket. He never had any conception of personal gain, but placed his time, money and advice freely at the disposal of those who needed it. He was now known as an authority, and his counsel was eagerly sought all over England and Scotland.

Bristol appointed McAdam Supervisor of Roads, with a salary of £500. This was good pay, but he had to pay his own traveling expenses, which amounted to more than half his salary. After he had been in office a year, every road in his district was in excellent condition and open for travel winter and summer. At Bristol he perfected and put into practical operation the road he had dreamed of years before, when his model won the school prize. This was the "McAdam" road that made him famous.

First, McAdam ordered the topsoil on the road removed about fourteen inches down. Then he laid in coarse, cracked stone to a depth of about seven inches. All the little crevices between the big stones were filled in with finely cracked stones. On top of these was a bed of stones, broken into pieces two or three inches round. Then a heavy, horse-drawn roller went back and forth over the top of this bed, crushing and smoothing. The top was finished with stone, ground to dust, and again rolled smooth as a table.

This road drained so well that traffic never bogged down in mud. It was in use all the year round. With slight modifications and

In addition to the steadily advancing Pan American Highway, another great highway is being planned to run from the United States across Canada up into Alaska, which is now linked with us directly only by sea and air. These immense international undertakings owe much to the genius of John McAdam

improvements, such are the roads we travel today.

After a year's trial at Bristol, McAdam's roads were put down as approaches to the important Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges in London. With them came the modern era of highway construction. London was growing fast, and King George IV induced McAdam to leave Bristol and settle permanently near the capital.

One day Parliament witnessed a strange sight. In strode the tall Scotchman, going gray now, with a couple of laborers in rough clothes and big aprons at his heels. They carried tools, bags of crushed stone and dirt. Before the astonished eyes of members of Parliament, they emptied their load on the floor and made a miniature roadbed. McAdam stepped forward and said:

"Now, gentlemen, I will show you how I build my roads."

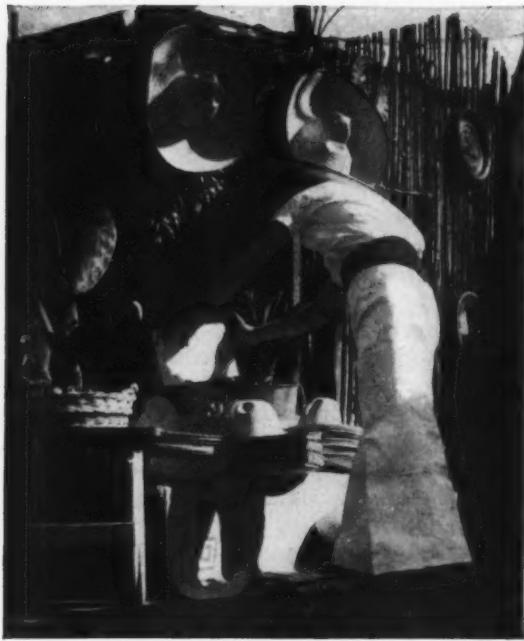
He went to work with hammer, rake, pick and shovel, while the members watched. So impressed were they that they offered McAdam a peerage. He declined it, for this man detested self-advertising or vulgar show. Parliament did, however, vote him £2,000 annually, and an additional £8,000 after he had proved that for years he had been spending his own money for traveling expenses.

McAdam was a tall thin man, but he liked, when at home in Ayrshire, to ride an absurdly small pony. This sturdy little creature followed McAdam about like a dog. At that time, McAdam had a country house in Scotland and a town house near London. He traveled back and forth over his own roads, driving a coach. The horses from his own farm were always sturdy spirited grays. Beside the coach, running free, trotted the tiny pet pony and a big black dog.

This odd turnout was known from the North Country down into London, and was likely to come in sight unexpectedly. Woe to the road men who were slighting their work! Like as not, McAdam would leap out of his coach and give them a piece of his mind. Then he would grasp a hammer and pick and show them what *ought* to be done.

McAdam lived to be eighty, and his sons carried on their father's work. He had made engineering history. The thousands of miles of highways in the United States and on every continent bear witness to McAdam's genius.

Canada to Chile



COURTESY ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Craftsmen from Old Mexico weave sombreros and mold pottery along quaint Olvera Street, in Los Angeles, California

IN California and the Southwest there are many reminders of the day when a large area of what is now the United States was settled by people from Spain and Mexico. One of these glimpses of a bygone day is Olvera Street in Los Angeles, which has been restored to look just as it did back in the days when the flag of Mexico flew over the city. In an album to Argentina, Junior Red Cross members in Los Angeles wrote:

OLVERA STREET was the old trail down which Governor Felipe de Neve led his colonists, when he founded Los Angeles in 1781 and christened it with the long and beautiful name, "El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles" (The City of Our Lady, the Queen of the Angels).

The *paseo*, or walk, is typical of a Mexican market place, and, when the street was first restored about ten years ago, it was necessary to import from Mexico all of the merchandise on display; but each year the Mexican crafts-

men on the street are making more things themselves. A potter using a crude wooden wheel molds *ollas*, or earthen jars, and other objects in clay. A candlemaker, using a method which is the oldest known, turns out beautiful forms and colors. The blacksmith, with his old forge and anvil, hammers out fine iron work. Mexican leather jackets, belts and purses, painted and lacquered gourds, and grotesque masks for use on fiesta days are included in the wares sold at picturesque Mexican stalls.

The visitor will be charmed, too, with the fine American shops which carry treasures from all corners of the world. This is as it should be, because, in the very early days of Los Angeles, the sailing vessels came around the Horn, bringing from Europe priceless articles to be exchanged for leather hides. These were called the "Leather Dollar Days."

Olvera Street is a little world of its own. The surface is covered with red tile, and wild doves come to feed among footsteps that do not hurry. In the pueblo days of California, there were no strangers; everyone who passed our way was a friend; so, in this spirit, we say "*Bienvenido, Amigo Mio*" (Welcome, my friend).

Agriculture is just about the most important of Chile's industries, and great supplies of wheat, barley, oats and lentils are exported. Through an album from Santiago, Chile, the Claremont No. 10 School of Hufton, South Dakota, learned about an interesting harvest custom:

THRESHING with mares is one of the pleasantest activities in Chilean country life. On the day of harvesting, a pile of wheat is placed in the center of a circular piece of ground surrounded by a strong wire. Inside a herd of mares is made to go round and round on the wheat with the object of taking the grain out of its covering. While this is going on, the cowboys fill the air with their cries of "*Arre! Arre!*" They sing and, to the twanging of guitars, take part in the typical country dance, *La Cueca*. After the threshing is finished, they picnic with much merriment.



These dolls from the gaucho region of Argentina came in an international school correspondence exchange

One farmer, Peiro, who is quite old, can not drive the horses when they plow or when harvesting. A grandson, Juanucho, greatly helps

him. Spring evenings, in the shade of the plum and blossoming peach trees, old Peiro teaches his grandson many things about the ranch, including the proper time to put saltpeter on the land so that the wheat will grow, and so that there will be enough provisions for the winter.

Nickel, along with many other metals formerly plentiful for everyday use, now takes its place with those considered "strategic" for defense work. Even the nickel which goes into our nickels is being replaced with silver these days. Canadian correspondents wrote in an album to United States members:

SUDBURY OWES its very existence as well as its prosperity to its mineral wealth. Nowhere in Canada does so much mineral wealth abound in so small an area.

Sudbury boasts a production of over ninety per cent of the world's monel nickel. In addition to that, copper is mined and refined, as well as other lesser minerals. Many of Sudbury's employees are engaged, too, in the production of explosives, a by-product of its greater industry.

The population of Sudbury is about 3,831. The people are of almost every nationality—Irish, Scotch, English, French, Italian, Polish, Finnish, Yugoslavian, Hungarian, Swedish, Norwegian, Czechoslovakian, and Ukrainian. Indians are usually found on reservations, but you may come across a few of them on farms.

Many times during the summer we see each nationality dressed in its colorful native costumes. Sometimes they give native dances which are very amusing. This, when it happens, is a treat for all of us.

It promises well for the future of Sudbury, and of Canada, that

such a mixed population can live together in such harmony.

From the Argentine to Montana is a long distance to travel, but many school correspondence albums are making the trip between North and South America these days. J. R. C. members in both countries are becoming acquainted and finding that they have many things in common. This letter from the National School 100, Los Laureles, Argentina, to the Junior High School, Great Falls, Montana, is of special interest just now because of the trade agreements which make for a freer exchange of materials among all the Good Neighbors. You will notice that Argentine farms grow many of the same things that we do. Her European market being cut off, this makes a big problem for Argentina:

LOS LAURELES is in the Province of Tucuman, called the garden of our Republic, and the land of citrus fruits and sugar cane. Our farmers love the land; and all the seed which goes into the furrow yields an abundant crop of corn, wheat, barley, cotton, rice and oats. There are truck gardens in the neighboring locality of Caspinchango, near the mountain, and many orange and fruit ranches.

Our Junior Red Cross has the same activities as yours, except in connection with the work for sailors and hospitals. We enclose our national ensign, and we should like you to keep it with your own.

In an album from Escuela 23, Havana, Cuba, came the center drawing of the flag which has been adopted as "the symbol of the Americas." The white ground stands for peace; the three purple crosses for Columbus' ships, and a bronze Sun of the Incas for all the native races of the American continent. At right are the three caravels, or ships, of Columbus



The scroll behind the Uruguayan and United States flag, from a Uruguayan album, carries the words: "American Brotherhood Against World Suffering"

News Parade

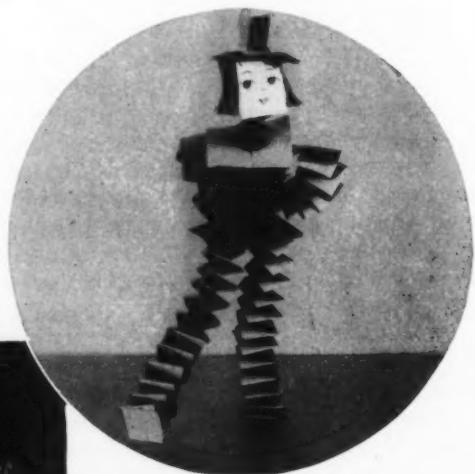
IT HAS BEEN eleven years since Pan American Day was first celebrated in the United States: a day to emphasize cordiality and friendly feeling between all of the twenty-one nations of North and South America. On April 14, 1890, the First International Conference of American Republics was held, and out of that meeting grew the organization we know as the Pan American Union.

There are lots of ideas which can be worked into an assembly program for April 14. Blytheville, Arkansas, J. R. C. members opened their program with a reading of President Roosevelt's Pan American Day proclamation. A student spoke on the origin of the celebra-

travel between North and South America.

GREATLY increased demands on all Red Cross services have brought home the need for an even larger War Fund, and now the goal has been increased to \$65,000,000. Late reports on how money is being raised by your fellow members included these:

New Orleans, La. Raised and sold small



The J. R. C. in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, turned Easter eggs into clowns, pirates, and famous people; sent them to a children's hospital. Kindergarteners in Boston, Massachusetts, made clever paper toys, like the one above, for sick children



tion, and a roll call of member countries of the Pan American Union was answered with a parade of flags and the singing of national anthems. Then followed a talk on the meaning and significance of Pan Americanism, and tributes to "Our Founders and Liberators: George Washington and Simón Bolívar." "Cultural Ties between the Americas" were discussed, and the last section of the program was devoted to "Friendly Gestures." For this, a student chairman introduced one-minute speakers. One talked on the "Christ of the Andes," the bronze figure of Christ on the Chilean-Argentine boundary that commemorates arbitration of a dispute that promised to lead the nations into their first war with each other. Another discussed a school which unites Paraguay and Uruguay (see page 210), and there were talks on international cooperation and on the encouragement of

plants and radishes from their school garden. *Portland, Oregon.* Held a neighborhood pet show, "everything from horses to goldfish." *Malvern, Pa.* Made and sold seventy-two dolls, using pattern in January NEWS. *Springfield, Mass.* Sewing classes made and sold dainty handkerchief aprons. *Wytheville, Va.* Three hundred people attended a benefit doll show and craft exhibit. *Norfolk, Va.* School councils met to decide ways and means of raising funds, and these included a dance, rummage sale, carnival, a "living" doll show, and the election of a Red Cross King and Queen. (Votes were a penny apiece!) *Winnebago, Ill.* Sold handwoven hot pads of various colors and designs. *Redlands, Calif.* One class of thirty-six put a Red Cross poster on a bulletin board, with varicolored stars indicating amounts contributed. When it was found the total was about eighteen dollars, boys and girls

emptied their purses and pockets to bring the total to the number of years in the Christian era—\$19.42. *New Bedford, Mass.* Sold seedlings from their gardens. *Middletown, Mass.* Boys and girls in home economics classes made and sold cookies to their schoolmates.

In Toledo, Ohio, the uses of funds collected by the J. R. C. were dramatized in an auditorium program. And in Norfolk, Virginia, posters were made, in the art department of all schools, to call attention to the War Fund campaign.

JOINING HANDS in service with Junior Red Cross members in the States are boys and girls in the territorial schools of Alaska. There is a large Army hospital at Fort Richardson, and the J. R. C. of Anchorage has provided many things suggested by the Red Cross Field Director there. Writing boards, made in manual arts classes and decorated in the art classes, book marks, table favors, ash trays, and sweaters have been provided. (Incidentally, the War Production Board has asked that all knitting undertaken for the armed forces be done through the Red Cross, which supplies only garments actually asked for by commanding officers through Red Cross Field Directors. "In this way," the Board points out, "every sweater knitted will serve a good purpose, and there will be no waste of material or labor.")

ORDINARILY, of course, J. R. C. services for men in our armed forces are cleared through Area Headquarters; but when the Red Cross Field Director at Keesler Field, Biloxi, Mississippi, found that the aviators stationed there had nothing upon which to hang their clothes, he sent an SOS to the near-by New Orleans Chapter. Junior Red Cross members answered this call for a thousand hangers in one day's time. Later, one of the elementary schools donated curtains for the stage of the new Red Cross Recreational

building at a camp located near the city.

"Mother's Cookie Jar" may be missed by soldiers in camps, but the "Junior Red Cross Cookie Jar" is in many camps making up for this lack, at least in part! In Toledo, Ohio, for instance, home economics classes make a point of seeing that the cookie jar at the government hospital in Chillicothe is never empty. Syracuse, New York, members are doing the same thing for men in the Station Hospital established at Pine Camp, New York. The cookies are left in the recreation room, where the soldiers can help themselves. And speaking of cakes, a boy's cooking class in Minneapolis, Minnesota, turned out some fine cup cakes for children in the Glen Lake Sanatorium for children.

WORD has come from the Chaplain at the U. S. Army Air Base in Gander Lake, Iceland, that up until the very last minute there was nothing on hand to give any holiday atmosphere to their mess hall and other buildings. But on Christmas Eve the decorations made by Junior Red Cross members in the States arrived. "You should have seen how the boys fixed up the enlisted men's Mess Hall with the things you shipped up," the Chaplain said. "The crew did a grand job, and worked until three o'clock Christmas morning decorating the place."

Your Red Cross is also seeing to it that the men have plenty of recreational material—pianos, radios, motion picture projectors, ping pong tables, games and amusements of all kinds. These things mean a lot to the boys so far away from home.

IN ANCHORAGE, Alaska, besides taking the Junior First Aid course, girls in the home economics classes hem all triangular bandages for first aid classes.

Ophir School, in Placer County, California, has an enrollment of eighty students. J. R. C.



This picture of Kilohana School, Hawaii, J. R. C. members, at work in their vegetable garden, came in a school correspondence album. (See p. 218)

members there are completing the First Aid course, too. In connection with this, they have organized a bicycle-telephone circuit, so they can get in touch with all families living in their rural district should an emergency arise.

J. R. C. members in Creston School, British Columbia, have fitted up a small space in their school as a First Aid Hospital. It contains a collapsible cot that can also be used as a stretcher, a chair, and a small table fastened to the wall. The girls made white dotted muslin curtains and designed and hooked a rug for the floor.

IN A SCHOOL correspondence album headed for Remson, Iowa, School, from Kilohana School, Pukoo, Molokai, Hawali, was this letter: "The Kilohana School garden, about three quarters of an acre, is located on the east end of Molokai. This year the garden made about \$70 by selling vegetables to parents, teachers, and the cafeteria. Some of the vegetables raised and sold are carrots, cabbage lettuce, beans, daikon, swiss chard, corn, head cabbage, squash, and tomatoes.

"The boys who work in the garden are from the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh grades. Each boy has his own plot to work in. The boys work in the garden for forty-five minutes, four times a week.

"Our garden is divided into three blocks, and each block has its own canal, which is the irrigation ditch. The ditches were made by F. F. A. boys (Future Farmers of America)."

FIRST GRADERS of Yreka, California, School are teaching English to a little Chinese boy. The boy is eleven years old, and very bright, but naturally he has a hard time because he doesn't know our language. Junior Red Cross members have made a scrapbook of pictures of common articles, and underneath each picture they have printed in large letters the English name of the article. All the boys and girls take advantage of every



On Pan American Day, pupils at Columbus School, Salt Lake City, Utah, held a Mexican program. They made a banana plant hanging on it real bananas which they later enjoyed eating. The picture came in a school correspondence album

chance to repeat the English names of the articles over and over again and the boy is gradually learning the new language.

HERE is the way J. R. C. members in Hungary color Easter eggs. The description was written in an album from Hungary to the Woodrow Wilson Junior High School, San Diego, California:

"I chose folk art motifs for the designs for these eggs. I will tell you how I colored the eggs. First I boiled some nice white eggs hard. Then I dissolved some beeswax and drew the patterns on the eggs. When the wax dried I dipped the eggs into some liquid coloring, and then let them dry. The color does not penetrate the wax, so the parts covered remain white. Next I wiped off the wax. To make the eggs shiny and bright, rub them with a greasy cloth or rind of bacon. Another way is to color the egg a pale color and, when dry, draw and color a pattern onto it. Some of the children are so clever that they draw the design on the colored egg with a sharp penknife. In olden times people had to make their own colors out of plants; some people still know which are the right ones. Today even the smallest village shop sells colors that are harmless."

WHEN J. R. C. members of the Daniel Warren School in Mamaroneck, New York, made an album for the School for the Blind in Santurce, Puerto Rico, they tried to include things which these sightless members could truly enjoy. Each page in the album had a large mounted cutout: the American flag waving in the breeze; a cunning cotton batting horse complete with fringed mane and tail and bridle; clowns with balloons (and movable legs!); a rabbit, with removable Easter eggs in a basket; and a spring scene with lots of birds and flowers to give the blind children a clear idea of what the shapes are like. Then there were a viking ship, a clipper,

a Puritan girl, a colonial girl in costume, and two trains, one quite old-fashioned, and the other of the streamlined modern variety, all in relief.

"It was very nice of you to think of us, making those pictures in relief so that we are able to understand them," the Santurce children wrote in their reply album. "In our institution there are sixty pupils; some are totally blind, but some have a little sight. We take the same subjects as the seeing children, that is, arithmetic, Spanish, English, social studies, elementary science, typewriting, manual work and music. We are very glad to hear about your school. Please write again some other time."

These blind boys and girls in Santurce are among those for whom brailled stories have been covered and toys made by fellow members in continental United States.

"THE J. R. C. of Lafayette School, Hammond, Indiana, sends you this book of pictures of our school life, so that you may know something of the way we prepare for citizenship in the United States of America."

Snapshots neatly mounted told the story of school activities from kindergarten to the eighth grade. First graders reported, "We made this playhouse for children in the kindergarten and they like to play with it. The boys of the science club wired it."

And the fourth grade said, "We decided to become garden adventurers. We planted seeds in flower boxes, and flower

"We discuss topics of the day." One of the snapshots in the album sent by Lafayette School, Hammond, Indiana, to the Philippines

pots that we painted. We made corner shelves to put pots of flowers on. Some of the children made a frieze showing a boy and girl working in their flower and vegetable garden."

Under their picture, fifth-graders wrote: "We think preparing an assembly to share what we have learned with others is fun. We painted a mural, drew pictures, and made maps and graphs which we used in a play."

Eighth graders were shown in committee meeting, and rehearsing a panel discussion to go on the air. "Committees handle the affairs of the class, and their meetings are good examples of democracy in the home room," they wrote.

A play, "The Way of Democracy," was included in the album, too, to bring out the importance of the "Four Freedoms." "But we have a job on our hands. We must help to preserve democracy. How can we do this, Mary?" asks one of the cast as the play closes. Mary replies, "By performing our duties as citizens in the best way we can."



Smoke Jumper for Uncle Sam

(Continued from page 203)

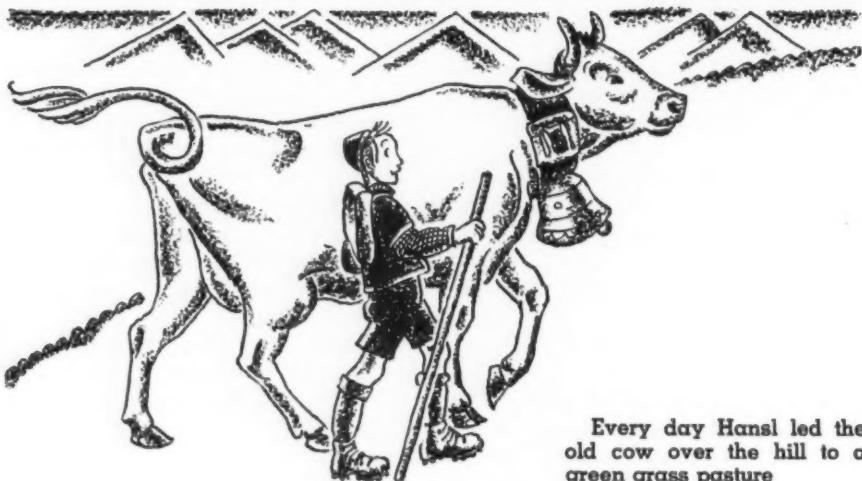
jumper, hundreds of acres of good Douglas fir would undoubtedly have been destroyed.

Meantime, Smoke Jumper Rex was sitting, tired but happy, leaning against a tree, eating ravenously thehardtack from his food kit. He had three small burns on his arm, and his face was smudged, but the fire was out. Only the whisper of a light wind broke the profound stillness.

There would be bears in this forest, all right, and cougars, too. He must clear away more underbrush and build a campfire to sleep be-

side. He might have to stay here for days. It would take some time to blaze a trail to him. But he knew he would not be forgotten. A plane would fly above him each day, and more food would be dropped. He had his two-way radio, too, and could talk to the boys.

He had done a good job. If that fire had had to wait for a ground crew to come from the nearest Ranger Station, acres and acres of trees would have burned. Even with pack and saddle horses it would have taken eight or ten hours for them to arrive. He would sleep well that night beside his campfire.



Every day Hansl led the
old cow over the hill to a
green grass pasture

The Old, Old Cow

Emma L. Brock

Pictures by the Author

ONCE upon a time in Switzerland on the side of a hill, halfway up and halfway down, there lived an old, old cow. She lived there with Hansl and his grandfather and his grandmother.

Under her chin she wore a brass bell half as big as her head. It rang, "Boom, boom!", every time she moved. Anyone could tell when that old cow was coming.

She was so old that she could not go away up in the mountains where all the other cows went in the summertime. She had to stay in the valley. Every day Hansl led her up yonder over the hill to a green grass pasture, and every evening he brought her back to her soft straw bed.

But one evening the old cow and Hansl did not come home. The sun had almost set. The village children skipped down the hill. But the old cow did not come.

Grandmother left her soup cooking over the fire, and Grandfather left his hoe in the potato field. They looked toward the hill and listened.

"Where is that old cow?" they said.
"Where can that old cow be?"

The sun went down, and the church bells rang the evening song. But the old cow did not come home. Not a brown hair of the old cow did they see.

"Allihoh-hoh-hoh!" called Grandmother, so loudly that the chickens squawked and flew into the bake oven.

"Allihoh-hoh-hoh! Hansl fetch the old cow home!" called Grandfather, so loudly that the pigs squealed and scampered into the kitchen.

But that did not bring the old, old cow.

"Where can the old cow be?" said Grandfather.

The wood gatherers stopped their work in the forest and called so loudly that the squirrels shivered in the trees. The haymakers leaned on their rakes in the hay field and called so loudly that the waterfall fell down sideways.

"Allihoh-hoh-hoh! Hansl fetch the old cow home!" they called.

But the old cow did not come. Not a

brown hair of the old cow did they see.

"Where is that old cow? Where can that old cow be?" they all said.

Up on the mountain path was the old, old cow. That's where she was. And Hansl was trying to bring her home. He was standing in front of her and pushing on her nose as hard as he could.

"Hei, hei! Turn around, cow, turn around home!" he was calling.

But the old cow was not going home. She was climbing up to the mountain meadows where her friends had gone to eat grass and grow fat. She was swinging her head this way and that, and mooing to them.

"Moo-oo! I'll scratch and I'll climb
Through the rocks and the pine,
And UP I'll come!"

Down in the valley Grandfather and Grandmother and the wood gatherers and the haymakers were all calling so loudly that the brook danced out of its banks.

"Allihoh-hoh-hoh!"

But that did not bring the old cow home. Then Grandfather brought out his hand-harmonica.

"I'll play her a tune," he said. "I'll play her the tune I play in the evening when she is chewing her cud in the barn."

And he began to play. He stamped his feet and bobbed his head and played the tune over and over on his hand - harmonica. The village people came out and sang with him, and the wood gatherers and the haymakers

sang, too. They sang so loud that the hills shook all around them. But that did not bring the old cow. Not a brown hair of the old cow did they see.

"Where is the old, old cow? Where can that old cow be?" they all said.

Up on the mountain was the old, old cow and Hansl was trying to bring her home.

"Hei, hei! Turn around, cow. Turn around home," he was calling.

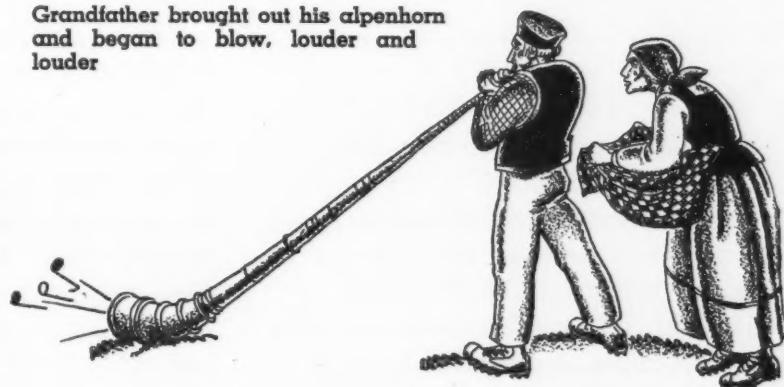
But the old cow was not going home. She was climbing up to see her friends in the mountains. She was swinging her head this way and that, and mooing to them.

"Moo-oo! I'll scratch and I'll climb
Through the rocks and the pine,
And UP I'll come!"

Down in the valley, Grandfather and Grandmother and the wood gatherers and the haymakers and the village people were listening for the sound of the old cow's bell. But there was not a sound louder than the cricket in the grass.

The old cow was up in the mountains. She was climbing to see her friends. She was not coming home.

Grandfather brought out his alpenhorn and began to blow, louder and louder



Grandmother put her apron over her head, and began to cry. The wood gatherers and the haymakers put their aprons over their heads, too. They were as upset as Grandmother.

"Where can the old cow be?"

Then Grandfather brought out his alpenhorn. The horn was as long as Grandmother. It was as long as Grandfather. It was almost as long as the two of them put together.

"Surely the old cow will come home when I call her on my alpenhorn," Grandfather said.

Grandfather set up the alpenhorn and began to blow. He blew one note after another, each one louder than the one before. He blew the song that the cowherds blow in the evenings up in the mountain pastures. It was the evening call to the cows.

The song of the alpenhorn echoed through the mountains. It echoed from rock to rock through the mountains, up and up and up!

"Come here, come here!" the song said. "Come here!"

Up on the mountain path was the old, old cow with Hansl pulling hard on her tail and trying to bring her home. But she was scrambling up the path, swinging her head this way and that, and mooing.

"Moo-oo! I'll scratch and I'll climb
Through the rocks and the pine,
And UP I'll come!"

Then the song of the alpenhorn came echoing up to the mountain path.

"Come here, come here!" it said.

The old cow stopped so quickly that Hansl sat down on the path, bang!

"Come here!" called the alpenhorn.
The old cow turned herself around,

with her head where her tail had been, and started down toward home with Hansl going along behind. He was glad that she had started home at last.

Down in the valley Grandfather and Grandmother and the wood gatherers and the haymakers were listening, and the people from the village were listening, too. It was almost dark. There was a white star in the sky.

"Hist!" said Grandfather.

"Hist!" said Grandmother.

"Boom, boom, boom!" came the sound of the old cow's bell.

"There comes the old, old cow!" cried Grandfather and Grandmother.

"There comes the old, old cow," cried the wood gatherers and the haymakers and the village people all together.

Then, down the path with Hansl, the old cow came. Down the path she came, as if nothing had happened at all. "Boom, boom, boom!"

The wood gatherers and the haymakers and the people from the village shouted, "Allihoh, tra-la-lala."

They shouted so loudly that the hills almost fell down around them. The old, old cow came along the path as if nothing had happened at all. "Boom, boom, boom!"

Hansl and his grandfather and his grandmother put their arms around the old, old cow and led her into the cow house to her soft straw bed.

The wood gatherers and the haymakers and the village people went home to supper. The chickens came out of the bake oven and the pigs came out of the kitchen. And everything was as still as still could be, as if nothing had happened at all on the side of the hill that was half-way up and half-way down.

Another Spring

It's in the air, and in the ground
Green shoots of grass are to be found.
Today I heard a robin sing
A sound like this,
It's spring! It's spring!

—*Jim Haan, Sixth Grade, Congress School,
Grand Rapids, Michigan.*



“FRANZI AND GIZI,” BY MARGERY BIANCO AND GISELLA LOEFFLER
COURTESY JULIAN MESSNER, INC., NEW YORK; \$2.00

A little bee buzzes
Overhead,
And settles itself in my
Flowerbed.

—*Robert Ebner, Sixth Grade, Washington
Irving School, Teaneck, New Jersey.*

O Moon

O moon, so big and round,
You shine over me,
The biggest ball I ever found.
You make me dance with glee.
Last week you were a boat
That sailed on a blue, blue sky;
But now you are an orange fruit
Like those I often buy.

—*Godofredo Campiegan, Tuburan Elementary School, Tuburan, Cebu, Philippine Islands.*

A Poem Page

Clouds

When clouds go by,
It is the wind that blows them over the
sea,
Far away from me,
Far away from me . . .

—*Charlotte Viseur, Fourth Grade, Roosevelt School, Okmulgee, Oklahoma.*

Wishes

I wish I were a bluebird,
Flying through the sky,
Where I could watch the fleecy clouds,
As they come passing by.
I wish I were a bluebird,
With wing of silvery blue;
I'd sail up in the blue, blue sky,
As I often see them do.
I wish I were a bluebird,
And like him I could sing,
For the bluebird likes to tell us
Of the coming of the spring.

—*Erma Mannie, Fourth Grade, Hamar,
North Dakota, Consolidated School.*

Pollito-Chicken

(Sung to the tune of “Happy Birthday”)

Pollito is a chicken
Gallina is a hen
Lápiz is a pencil
La pluma is a pen.
Ventana is a window
Puerta is a door
Maestro is a teacher
Piso is a floor.

—*In a school correspondence album from
Ramon Rodriguez Gonzales School, Naguabo,
Puerto Rico.*

GUESS WHAT?



COURTESY UNITED FRUIT COMPANY



COURTESY MOORE-McCORMACK LINES

THE CAPITOL OF THE UNITED STATES? No, it is the Capitol in Havana, Cuba. The island has a republican form of government much like ours, with a President, Senate, and House of Representatives

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT? You might think so, but it is really the obelisk, in Buenos Aires, honoring Argentina's Declaration of Independence



COURTESY MOORE-McCORMACK LINES

WESTERN PIONEERS? No. This is "La Carrera," a famous monument in Montevideo, Uruguay, of a Uruguayan pioneer, his two-wheeled cart and oxen



COURTESY PAN AMERICAN UNION, © SERVICIO DE TURISMO

AMERICAN COWBOYS? Guess again! These are Chilean gauchos from South America's West



NIAGARA FALLS? Wrong again! This is a picture of tremendous Iguassu Falls at the Brazil-Argentina boundary. It is even bigger than Niagara

COURTESY PAN AMERICAN UNION

